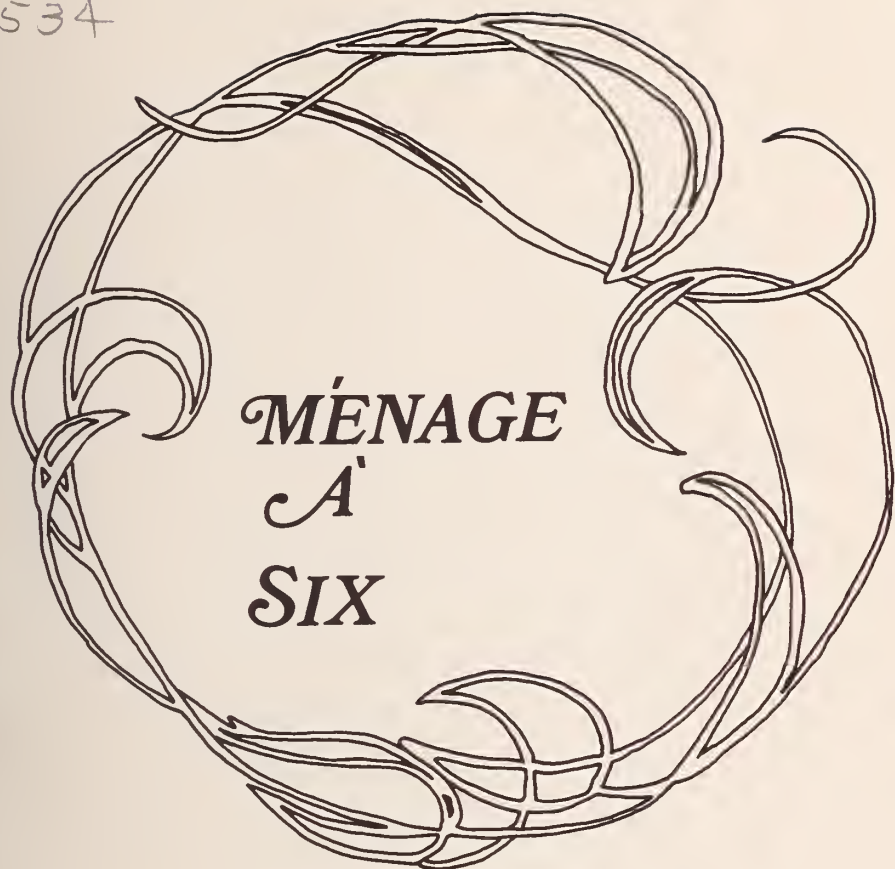


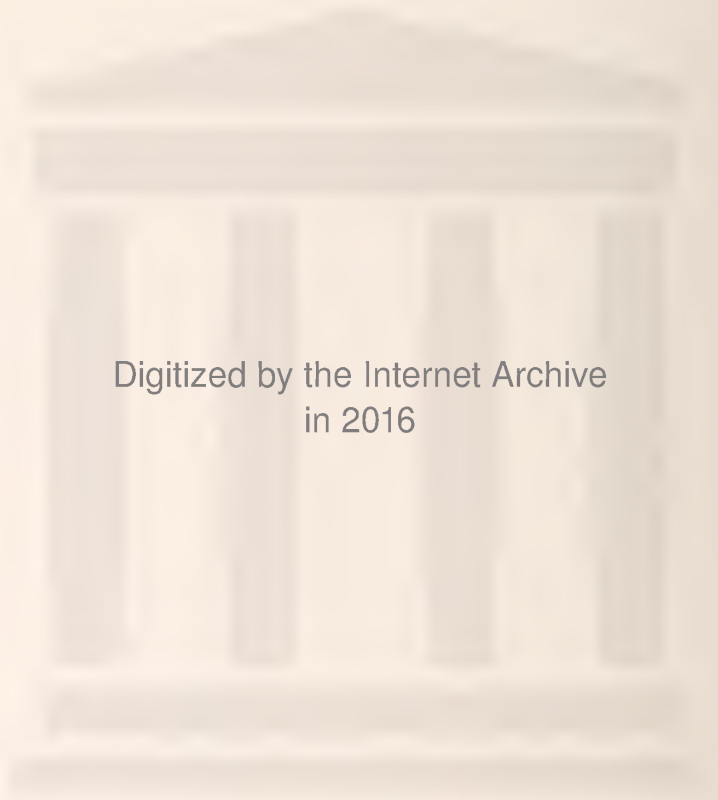
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*A'*  
*SIX*

*Spring*  
*1977*





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Special thanks to Frank Colon for moral support and the  
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## CONTEMPLATION

sitting on a street curb  
with his dirty fingernails  
he wonders how in god's name  
he will tolerate

the way she grabs his neck  
and pulls him down to her face

the way she reaches for his fly  
before he's ready

the way she breathes on him  
moaning i love you

it reminds him of a cat  
shoving its face into his

she sits on the curb nestling close  
he manages to smile and

hesitating he touches her face  
he whispers i need you

Scott Francis  
Lafayette College

### MISHAP IN FAIRVIEW N.J.

With hairy faces stinking  
A dozen buffalo meandered down the street.  
The wife and husband quick rushed into  
Their split level ranch style house.  
The wife pulled down the shades,  
The husband bolted the doors.  
The beasts tread through their garden  
Trampling all the daffodils into the dirt.  
The wife wept into her frying pan,  
The husband wrote a letter to the editor.  
Their duty done they went to bed.

Scott Francis  
Lafayette College

QUESTIONS IN CHUMLEY'S PUB, 3:00 A.M.

at the bottom of my glass why does a black rose blossom  
offering itself like wine and bread  
why do i bite the flower savoring the bitterness  
which permits me to glimpse the dark jewel  
glittering lurking within waiting to reveal itself  
and why do i choke on the acrid fumes  
of a smoldering pile in the distance  
where at last i grasp the coveted dark jewel  
why does the lone crow caw and fly off mocking me

Scott Francis  
Lafayette College

## THE BANSHEE

Outside my window  
every night  
a Banshee howls  
like a winter wind.  
His tenuous, brittle fingers,  
clutching for me,  
rap the glass  
like ivory dice  
skittering over a marble slab.

His shadow slides off  
the window shade  
as I glimpse my day's first light.  
He steps in my shadow,  
wistfully whispering  
in the breath of each passing car.  
He hides in the intermeshed  
shadow of bare trees,  
but cannot be heard  
for the bubbling of humanity's  
intermingling streams.  
As day melts in the west,  
he follows me home.  
He creeps to my window  
and crouches and waits.  
Then the rise of the sash  
is the tap of a baton,  
and the choir softly rises  
like a covey of pigeons,  
and music fills the night.

And mine is just one.  
As my Orphic poet draws his breath,  
I hear others  
sighing their dirges  
to the shifting night air.  
And I have had fancies  
when braving the darkness  
of shadows creeping in shadows,  
passing like dank fog  
through open windows,  
leaning over my neighbors,  
like smiling Claudius,  
slipping dark dreams  
into their open ears.

Rob Sommerville  
Lafayette College

## TO STEPHEN FROM BETH READING

life vests under the front of your seat  
Stephen already seventeen hundred feet below  
his hands press softly against my white body  
the door blows open to sun slowly moving behind a mountain of  
cloud.

arctic air flows through the cabin  
shadows of moon glow against frosted windows  
lights painted flicker neon  
dry throat sweats in rocky lanes.

the space on my left is empty-  
Stephen, like film magazines, is  
reeled tight inside my skin.

Beth Fogel  
Cedar Crest College



## KILIMANJARO

Beneath me a herd of wandering buffalo drink,  
At my side clear waters flow, churning gently down  
From up the snow capped peaks of Kilimanjaro.

In the distance a lonely hyena runs from marauders  
beside a dried up creek.

The earth is cracked and thin, fallow and  
sunken like the face of a beggar.

Mangled bushes border the gorge where  
Crocodiles lounge in the grey sandy crevices.

My dreams of simple ways found fulfillment  
in the terrestrial areas of Africa.

Here Zebras dance, black and white,  
clownlike under the blaring sun.

Hippopotomus gurgle in the muddy stream bed,  
Nearby white herons balance precariously on  
a rock stool stilt as dusty winds blow.

Rambling along the red brown dirt road  
A Rhino flaunts his menacing horn, and  
Monkeys flee the tree rapidly.

Beside the plains vast covered with parched grass,  
lizards sip on ant hills, and  
A tropical bog holds buckets of  
vipers and vulture.

In the middle of that marshy thicket a flock of  
nibbling vultures huddle around death,  
A zebra turning back to nothingness.

Carcass beak-torn, singed by golden flame,  
and seared by sharp flickering teeth of lion.

Baobab trees,  
Lush green water holes,  
Gentle giraffe and prancing ostriches,  
Slicing claws and swooping beaks,  
A swollen stomach, picked bone, an open hole  
leading from the animal's stomach,  
and

On the blue horizon - Mt. Kilimanjaro.

Christoph Szechenyi  
Lehigh University

## MEMORY

I must remember everything,  
keep track of the hollow whispers, the threads  
of the untidy event, and the rooms,  
window by window, the train running by,  
the wrinkled face of pain and sorrow.

If I forget the rose's color  
or confuse the charm of one smile for another,  
pop the balloon which contained  
the right tune,  
or even if one sentence crumbles in my memory,  
I have to build it all again,  
the tears,  
the night air,  
an empty moon,  
new leaves, fingers that left me,  
eyes which avoided mine,  
and the slow speed of escape.

I wish I had a time machine,  
(we are always quick to forget)  
those hands grasped only  
the tangible  
and unrelated things,  
drew the life out of every being.

The touch was like a feeling,  
the feeling like a touch,  
kisses went deep  
through a sleeping body  
but please do not ask me the date,  
the time, or the name, or the place  
of what I dreamed

I cannot value  
the fruit without a garden  
I cannot measure  
the road which has no country,  
or that truth which changed,  
like an uncoiled spring  
in a broken mechanism,  
or like a current swept  
fading phosphorescent organism.

Christoph Szechenyi  
Lehigh University

## SO CLEAR, YOU CAN SEE THROUGH IT

Blues and yellows danced off a large multi-faceted diamond, as the driver impatiently drummed his fingers on the steering wheel. He squinted slightly from the harsh glare of the mercury-vapor street light overhead, but refused to shield his eyes and give up his vigil of the ever-red traffic signal above him. An arrow appeared for the left turn lane, and finally the green light flashed on.

The powder blue Seville jumped off the line and sped down City Line Avenue toward a maze of overhead exit signs. The driver picked the one marked PA. 276 - VALLEY FORGE - PENNSYLVANIA TURNPIKE, and aimed the car toward the sloping exit ramp that led onto the Schuylkill Expressway. For a brief period of time the road was brilliantly lit by rows of blue tinted street lamps, but all at once the lights ended and the road was illuminated by nothing more than the car's headlights.

The road that had been called the "world's longest parking lot" during the day was almost a pleasure to drive by night. With the exception of the potholes, which the Cadillac's suspension merely laughed at, he found the ride almost relaxing.

The dark ribbon of road wound it's way alongside of the Schuylkill River, past the gigantic arches that marked the towering bridge over Manyunk, and northward to the Valley Forge interchange of the Pennsylvania Turnpike.

The Driver stretched his hand to the dashboard and retrieved a pack of cigarettes and a gold lighter. He wet the paper on the end of the cigarette with the tip of his tongue before he placed it between his lips and lit it. A dazzling stone in his tie pin caught the light and reflected it up under his chin, the way sunlight glares off a buttercup that a child has plucked and placed below his face. The flame flickered as he sucked it into the tobacco. The light revealed he was not old, but was aging gracefully. His temples were dotted with grey, and slight wrinkles, like fine lines in an etching had formed in the corners of his eyes. His moustache was small and accustomed to frequent trimming; his jaw was square and set firm, although a scratch was visible, perhaps the result of a fingernail confronting an itch while he slept.

He slowed the car as soon as the lights of the interchange's toll booths came into view, allowing several cars to pass him. He

continued his slackened pace, even though the booths were still more than a half mile off.

He sat up a little straighter. His headlights shone across a hitchhiker standing by the side of the road. He wore a green army field jacket, and at his feet rested a white canvas duffle bag; in his hand was a sign that said simply WEST.

The Cadillac slackened its pace even more until it came to rest beside the young man of the road. The hitchhiker was momentarily stunned by the unaccustomed classiness of his means of transportation, but he picked up his bag and opened the door in one motion.

"Headed west, mister?"

"Ohio. Hop in. Where are you headed to, son?"

"Harrisburg," replied the youth. He had closed the door, shoved the bag between his feet, and assumed a comfortable position in the car's deep, padded seat.

"Yes. Going all the way to Akron for a business meeting tomorrow." The driver received his toll card at the booth and headed for the west ramp. He pushed a button on his armrest and the window slid closed with barely a sound.

"Power windows even," said the boy as he looked to his right.

"Did you break a window?" the youth scraped his fingernail down the glass, and began picking at a sticker in the corner of the window.

"Yes. As a matter of fact, I just had it repaired the other day." The driver shifted his eyes toward the inquisitive youth for a split second, then returned his attention to the road.

"Rammed a broom handle through it while I was sweeping the garage," he added, smiling as if inwardly laughing at a private joke.

"Accidents will happen," the youth acknowledged. He continued his small-talk for several minutes until he fell silent and shifted his attention to the landscape. They had been driving for over an hour, and all that was to be seen in the dim moonlight was nothing but road and fenced-in pasture land. Nowhere did the light from a house penetrate the night. The traffic had died down so that they had not passed a car or been passed themselves in nearly a half hour. Only occasionally did the lights of an eastbound car spear through the blackness from across the median.

The youth's eyes darted back and forth, from road to field, and more than once he casually stretched so he could crane his neck and catch a quick and unobserved glimpse of the road behind them. Occasionally he stole a glance at the driver, whose interest appeared to be riveted on the road before them.

"Why don't you just pull over to the side of the road here."

"Pull over now? Are you sick? Is something wrong . . ." The driver stopped in mid sentence when he turned his head to the right. A knife had appeared in the hitchhiker's hand, an ugly knife at that. The blade was long and tapered, and the edges gleamed in the dim moonlight. He held it up in front of the man's face, pinched between thumb and forefinger, affording the driver an excellent view and allowing his imagination to grasp the blade's full potential for slashing and cutting and maiming. The driver's face first registered surprise, but his expression soon turned to one that could be described as a glow of pleasure mixed with excitement. After scrutinizing the knife and the youth who wielded it, he returned his attentions to the road.

"Why don't you put your little toy away, and we'll pretend this never happened, okay?"

"Look man," cried the youth in an aggravated tone. "You pull this boat over right now!"

"What was it that made you want to try this? The ring? Very fine stone, although you're probably too ignorant to realize its full value. Just another shiny rock, right? It's a blue diamond. 1.23 carats in weight, in a platinum setting in a fourteen carat gold ring, a heavy ring at that. It's assessed at five thousand dollars, although that's just the assessed value, you understand..."

"Cut the gab and pull the fuckin' car over," interjected the youth. "And then we'll see about the ring, and your wallet, and whatever else you've got."

"You'll be disappointed in my wallet. I've only got about a hundred twenty dollars in it, at the most. I've got a few credit cards, too. You could really go to town before I managed to notify all the companies of their being stolen." He continued talking as he drove on through the night, his calm voice filling the youth's ears and almost hypnotizing him, yet at the same time causing his stomach to knot with nervousness.

"Why don't you take the car, too. Now there's something you



probably never thought of. You could go to.... where was it? ... oh, yes, Harrisburg, in style then. All you have to do is kill me and the car is yours."

"Look, I don't want to kill nobody," shouted the boy. "Just give me your wallet and your ring. And the watch, too. Now, pull over!"

The driver heaved a sigh, turned the wheel to the right, and made a move to pull over. The youth relaxed slightly, until the Cadillac wheeled onto the shoulder and maintained its speed. A dust bowl grew behind the car, and the din from cinders and stones bouncing off the underside of the car was deafening. The youth's eyes became bulges of white, as he flung his arm forward to brace himself against the dashboard.

"What the hell are you doing you god damn..." he screamed, his words being all but drowned out as the car careened down the shoulder of the road. His breath came faster and faster, until the driver turned the wheel and the noise and dust gave way to the hum of tires on highway.

"You told me to pull over," the driver quipped, making no attempt to hold back his howls of almost hysterical laughter.

"You fucking prick, you knew what I meant." The youth slid closer to the driver and placed the edge of the knife along the driver's throat. The laughter stopped at once, and for the first time the driver seemed to take the young man seriously. He unconsciously swallowed, and the blade rose and fell as his Adam's Apple bobbed. The car slowed, until it was barely crawling along the road. This time when it pulled to the side, it was with the ease of a bird setting down on a twig. The car halted with a mere hint of dust in the air.

"Okay now, that's better, that's much better," said the youth as if talking to a naughty child. "First the ring." The driver hesitated, but with a little pressure from the knife, the band of gold was slipped over the knuckle and handed to the hiker.

"Now the wallet." The driver slipped his hand into his right suitcoat pocket and produced a leather billfold.

"The watch." It too was relinquished.

"And if you don't mind, I'll take these keys. Can't have you pulling away when I'm half in and half out of the car." The boy turned off the motor and pulled the keys from the ignition.

"I'll leave the keys on the ground behind the car. And now, I bid you farewell."

The youth playfully pulled the knife across the driver's throat, not enough to make a cut, but with enough pressure that it reminded the driver of shaving with an old razor blade. The young man slid across the seat and reached for the door handle. His eyes remained on the driver, while he groped for the door release.

A hideous laugh erupted from the driver. It seemed to start somewhere deep in the man's belly. It echoed in his chest, and issued from his throat like thunder pealing in the night sky. The youth turned and searched frantically for the handle.

"You won't find it."

The youth turned around, knife in hand, with a glaze in his eyes and blood lust in his features. But his face went blank and a curse died in his open mouth.

It was a .45 automatic that the driver held, with a white tooth smile and a curve of the lips that was almost satanic. The gun-blue barrel was aimed straight at the youth's head.

"You won't find a door handle," he repeated. "I took it off. I don't want any of my hitchhiker friends to get away. Especially the girls. I like the girls."

He was talking with the same evil leer on his face, laughing and cackling with every sentence. His breath came quickly, and his voice cracked and sounded like fingernails scraping across a chalkboard. The youth instinctively tried to retreat, but his back was already flush with the locked door. His fingers switched the power window button back and forth, until he realized that, with the keys in his own hand, it was useless. His eyes flicked to the rear window, searching desperately for the car that, only a few short minutes earlier, he hoped would not be present. The road was still barren.

"You know that hitchhiking is against the law. But you make a quaint living off it, don't you? Don't you? But it can be dangerous, too. Little girls can get raped... and sometimes do. They scratch and bite." He thoughtfully stroked his jaw. "But that makes it more fun." He began to giggle like a child. "And... and little boys... they can get killed."

The youth felt the weight of the knife in his hand. One desperate move, he thought. His mind snapped, his body lunged.

The bullet tore through the cheek bone under his right eye. For a split second he felt a burning sensation, but he was quite dead before the bullet passed through the brain and exited the rear of the skull. Bone fragments, blood, hair, and broken glass showered over the roadside. The crack of the pistol fell upon the silent ears of the night. Cadaver eyes, the whites crimson with ruptured blood vessels, stared into nothingness.

"There you go, Mr. Jameson, all done. How did this happen, again?"

"Well, I was starting out on a business trip last night, and damn if a bird didn't fly through it. God damndest thing I ever saw."

"I'd say you're having a run of bad luck. What is that, five times this year I replaced this window for you? The sticker is still on this one. You're keeping me in business," the worker chuckled, as he handed Jameson the bill. "Sign here please. But I guess you know the procedure by now."

"Yes, I'm afraid I do," said Jameson as he reached out for the glass worker's pen.

"Did you hurt yourself?" asked the worker. Rust brown specks were visible on the white gauze that was wrapped around Jameson's forearm.

"Yes," said Jameson hesitantly. "I... cut it on the glass trying to get the damn bird guts off the seat and window. There you go." He handed the bill and pen back quickly.

"I honestly hope I don't see you back in this shop again."

"Oh, I don't know," smiled Jameson as he slid into the powder blue Seville and started the engine. "After all, accidents will happen."

Bob Myers  
Moravian College



## BIRDS WITHOUT FEATHERS

Your eyes focus out from their corners.  
Words squat ready for flight.  
Asthmatic coughs from the ocean  
are silenced as they pass  
your bastard stone perch.  
The waves read to the rocks  
from a book of new poems.  
You are the author.  
It lifts the ears from the faces on the rocks  
and hurls them like bricks from a mob  
against a plaster wall.  
Like all smug values, they shatter the wall.

You are the gull  
shivering on the rock of the jetty.  
Your rock is pressed highest against the sky.  
This perch is your sepulchre.  
Each time you peck at the world  
your nerves shudder  
and legs grow more brittle.

In a migratory fever words rise  
past the dun of the jetty,  
searing the stuffy white tips of the bluffs.  
Old values crumble off the top.  
The hard ground below you will be jagged and unjust  
if you try to fall back upon it.  
You must fly higher and  
search beyond the beveled stone  
that fills our minds and covers our faces.

Neither a lacey bit of a wave  
nor a paste jewel in the sand,  
nor the countenance on a cameo.  
You are the one bird I know  
that can see Europe past the Atlantic  
and still come back again.

It is not true that the waves rattle the shore  
because it is what we desire.  
It is not true that the clouds orate on a stage of air

because it is what we have seen.

You don't have to fly

because I expect you to,

but you do.

The waves don't have to know

nor do the rocks have to want it to be so.

Unlike the pearl fisherman

who pries his oyster open carefully

You like the Heron leap into the sky

and drop the shells onto the rocks

leaving open the animal we all knew was inside.

The one pious flight of the sea bird

is far from picking through the refuse.

Open the door to the crystalline tide

and find out what's inside.

In a pile of conformity

no other bird can fly

quite so high.

Evan J. Krame  
Muhlenberg College

## TRILOGY

Stories of the crossing over  
are often recounted on nights that hover  
like a hospital waiting room.  
His house was burned, his possessions taken  
The blood was left on Polish ground  
and the vessels, arteries and veins  
all moved on.  
Thoughts of America like a Neurosurgeon  
attempted to purchase his mind.  
His flesh stuck rubbery and cursed  
on bones that would stand no longer.  
He brought his family on a freight ship.  
Tumbling slowly through evergreen words  
A pregnant mind with no husband  
fell face first onto the sand.  
A taste of American land.  
He was laid to rest, visits to the grave  
are planned and saved, yet are cut  
by the third child  
picking the mind up from the ground.  
One thought grew into a round cigar man  
loosening his belt another notch.  
The second one whispered her days away  
but feared the screaming in the night.  
The last one keeps growing like incessant wars  
and all those miracle cures  
and a sun that will rise  
now braced against two low clouds.  
An American dream is born and raised  
until he is a man.  
You'll sleep with him one cold night  
and learn you never can.

## II.

I have a trilogy of basic thoughts  
that came here on a boat.  
The first one covets wealth  
like his neighbor's wife.

The second hides in shadows  
waiting for the tired moonlight.  
The third cries out, "I have a dream."  
just arriving at the port  
after a voyage on a childhood ocean  
where a trilogy of men and minds  
like the tide hiked across  
the new world borderline.  
When their journey ended  
I grew fastened to the pier.

I feel like a weather drawn ship  
not knowing who is the crew  
I'll sleep with G-d this cold night  
and learn I never do.

### III.

My grandparents came from Poland  
and fell into the slum.  
I've learned that the rich grow fat  
and the tired man is glum.  
The road to freedom was the sea  
Now all the boats are bound.  
The dreamers look into the sea  
and everyday they drown,  
while some men grab  
what others never had,  
and another never knows  
when to stop being sad.

I am in search of an American scene  
and can be watched by any man.  
If you sleep with me this cold night  
You'll learn I never can.

Evan J. Krame  
Muhlenberg College

## SEASIDE

Sun glazed boards  
greet the heat  
of the mentally elite.  
Men and babes from  
garbage flow  
to witness waves  
of matterless moments.  
Nature's children their flowers wilted,  
no longer involved,  
nothing solved,  
come to bathe  
in godless pools  
of summer's wasted minds.  
Shadow swept boards  
hide the fried  
minds of those who never tried.  
Colored bodies  
nothing more  
roam bored to board  
all alone with their friends.  
Determined time they try to avoid.  
Awarded with tears,  
sipping beers,  
no one there  
to touch and love,  
as the lights dim above.  
Night filled boards  
blot the rot  
of those who lack and are hot.  
Sweating searchers  
slick the sand  
licking up life  
from the ash- sprayed wasteland.  
Nothing there to fill their empty souls.  
From their wound flows blood,  
running mud,  
hugging death  
until no one  
is left to walk the boards.

Richard Bernstein

## MY MOTHER'S CHAMPAGNE

you brought your tongue to the ice, the wall to your glass  
call me I'll meet you tomorrow  
with my hammer and talk about love

at the top  
the daughter sees skin weaving mimics in her toes  
pressing the dirt she tells me  
it's all right, it's all right

dessert is on the table it's almost over  
asking directions to Nova Scotia fingering your fly  
been chasing tail? I taste  
womb in my glass and bite walls  
an old breast size I had misplaced  
these things must never have been, you say  
picking rust between your teeth

the daughter walks the corridor  
with matted hair, fever and the sick on her books  
the math professor brings a trash can  
it's all right, it's all right

lock her in a room

it's all right

they lock her in a room

the walls, the floor is waiting, if you choose  
your body won't change so fast as it reaches  
that old coat, old bra

"I hope you liked them" what an ordeal  
you chain smoking and I talking over the phone,  
the tape, confessing what you are  
and when you make love to me I promise I can't feel anything  
I promise, I'll just lie there and it's all right, John,  
it's all right and the locks are locks on a dam  
I am playing love songs all night  
and biting them into you while you sleep  
like a thousand tiny pebbles, they, too, are my womb.

Linda Norton  
Cedar Creast College

## THE NEW OEDIPUS

It was the time of the great Council and all the wolves were gathered in one place. They covered the ground like grey smoke. The sound of their talking hung over the valley. Once in a while the snap and snarl of teeth echoed as the wolves played. Then one old father wolf raised his voice to be heard by all. "My children, we are grown few over the years." The other wolves stopped their talking and quarreling. All felt the truth of the old wolf's words. Not one but had lost a mate or a pup over the years and most were scarred. The touch of man ran as a tremor thru them. They asked if the old wolf knew a solution. He told them, "I have sent my only remaining son Jarm, to learn the ways of the world. Now he will tell us what he has seen." The other wolves agreed to listen.

Jarm stood up in front of the wolves. The moon dyed his coat silver. He had a chipped tooth which caught the moonlight and threw it off. He told the wolves it was time to acquire weapons and fight man on his own terms. He knew the way to do this.

One wolf with a shaggy coat objected "But is that natural? The wolf's way has always been with teeth and strength."

Jarm replied "Is it natural for man to slay our children? To kill our mates? To destroy our territory? Man was once our brother. We were born of the same mother."

Jarm's argument charmed the wolves who were ready for revenge. They asked how they could get the weapons needed for overthrowing man.

Jarm said "first we must slay the earth monster," but he did not know where to find the earth monster. So the wolves decided to go together to seek out the earth monster. Before they left Jarm told them "You may run on all fours, but when you walk you must walk upright. Remember this. It is important."

The wolves went in search of the earth monster. They found a mouse larger than any they had known. Tho' it bite mightily, they slew it and ate it. "Was that the earth monster?" they asked Jarm.

"No" he replied licking blood from his chin, "That was our lawful prey."

So they ran on. They found a giant hare larger than any they had known. They attacked and slew it tho' it kicked mightily. "Was that the earth monster?" they asked.



Jarm replied, first licking the blood from his jaw, "No, that was our lawful prey."

So they ran on. They found an enormous moose larger than any they had known. They attacked from all sides and tho' it fought mightily they slew it and ate it. "Was that the earth monster?"

"No" again said Jarm, licking the blood from his paws. "But now we have strength to fight the earth monster and now, also, I know who the earth monster is. It is the moon."

The wolves ran a long time. They ran more than they had ever run before. Their shadow covered the ground. At last they reached the moon. They hurtled themselves against the moon. They bruised themselves on its sides. The moon did not notice their attack. It continued serenely on its path crushing wolves who fell in its way. At last Jarm could stand it no longer. He went mad and howled at the moon. He walked on twos and bit his own sides. He ran crazy in the wolf pack biting all in his path. In his blindness he ran into a wolf, bowling her over. As she regained her feet, Jarm was still mad and he tore out her throat. Her blood bubbled out in a dark froth splashing the moon. When the blood touched the moon it went dark. The moon stopped moving. It was dead. When Jarm saw the blood he became sane. He looked with horror on the body he had slain. He had killed a female. Only rabids killed females. Females were the mother. They brought nourishment into the land. What had he done? The chip in his tooth had made a jagged mark in her throat. When her body had emptied of blood, weapons poured forth.

Jarm made a pile of weapons. He hid her body at the bottom of the pile. He called to the wolves who were dancing around the body of the moon. They knew not what else to do for they could not eat the moon. When they heard Jarm call they left their dance. They saw the weapons and rejoiced. Jarm began handing out the weapons. He let no other wolf near the pile.

The wolf with the shaggy coat said "There is blood on this weapon."

"Hush", said Jarm. "That is merely a blessing and an indication of the manblood soon to be shed."

The wolves ran back from the carcass of the moon. They hid the weapons under their fur and ran to the cities. When they got to the cities they walked in on their hind legs. They slew the peo-



ple as they stood gazing in disbelief at the dead moon. There was no resistance. The wolves triumphant prepared to leave the empty cities, but the blood from the weapons stuck to their fur. Their fur began to fall out in large patches. The wolves could do nothing to stop it. Soon they lost all their fur except on their tails. The shaggy wolf said, "Now our mates and children are safe. Let us go back to the wilds."

But the other wolves said, "We are naked and the houses of man are warm. We will stay here until our children are born with fur again."

The shaggy wolf said, "I will await you and your children in the wild", and he left the city. The other wolves promised to follow him as soon as the pups were born.

In the spring, the pups were born and they had fur. Many of the older wolves rejoiced. They longed to chase the deer again. But when the pups reached a certain age their fur fell out in patches. Nothing could be done to stop it. The wolves had to stay in the warmth of the city.

The shaggy wolf waited outside the city past the season of birth. He was naked and alone in the wilderness. His tail could not protect him from the cold. When the wolves did not come out of the city his heart broke and he died from the cold. Jarm lived to be quite old.

The wolves erected a statue of Jarm with a golden chipped tooth in the center of the city, but to the lone, shaggy wolf, they built churches.

Della Collantone  
Cedar Crest College

## SHOES

1945

September 7

Dachau

Werk macht frei.

Gay cuppen offen van.

I entered the barbed wire gates.

The harsh silence.

The stench that would never leave me.

As I passed the first barracks

I could not even begin to tell you

About the size

Of the pile

Of shoes.

For every two

There once existed a person.

The main gates are creaking

And I would be home in December.

1975

January 19

A suburban dinner party

Der hallaria,

Vos bis du?

Bis du judish.

There was no quiet.

The silent drone

Of cigars and hem folding.

We all took off our shoes

The women would choose one

Of the men's.

To choose their dinner partners.

And I could not even begin to tell you

About the size

Of the pile

of shoes.

Alex Greenberg  
Lafayette College

## WHO MUST TAKE THE "A" ?

I took the D to Brooklyn  
The other day.  
I went to see my Aunt A  
In Seagate.  
From the station, I could smell  
The musty salt air.  
As I walk through the  
Streets, it is no man's land.  
I pass my father's house.  
Papa was born there  
53 years ago January.  
Its green complexion is  
Faded.  
Its portico is splintered.  
It is a lone survivor amidst  
The rubble.  
An old baby carriage is impaled  
On the front picket fence.  
They are going to tear it  
Down,  
Tomorrow.

Papa, who ate potato soup, potato cereal, and  
Potato dessert.  
Who put egg cartons in his  
Shoes.  
Whose mother walked miles  
Down Mermaid Avenue for welfare,  
With a baby carriage,  
Cuddling her  
Army Surplus sugar.  
And how he bought a bike  
For two dollars  
To deliver dry cleaning for  
Nickels.  
Who raised himself from the  
Decaying candy store corners,  
And band saw cardboard  
Factories,

And saw the world and  
Iturbi's last prewar prodigy,  
Adi Bernard.  
He vomited gamey lapin on  
The rue de Roland.  
He was one who helped open Dachau,  
And entered Berlin, to be  
Greeted by broken voices  
Uttering  
Broken Yiddish,  
To the Aquiline  
American  
With a star of David on a  
Dog whistle around his neck.  
Whose father was an  
Orphaned Katarinoslovian, and  
His mother a survivor of  
The Triangle Shirtwaist fire.  
He black marketed cigarettes,  
And attended the reconsecration  
Of the Berlin Synagogue,  
That was broadcasted around  
The world.  
That was heard by his cousin  
Teddy the partisan, in Poland,  
Who now writes to him in  
French, and whose  
Mother's death picture  
Showed her in a coffin clutching a  
Crucifix,  
And a  
Rosary.  
Papa fished for crabs with  
Pollack heads on  
Strings,  
In Sheepshead Bay.  
He sold knishes under the hot  
Boardwalk.  
Now his birth lace is  
Dying.

The bed on which he was born  
Is gone,  
As is his mother.

I see my Aunt A in Seagate.  
I haven't seen her in years.  
Dad wonders if she'll even come  
For his funeral.  
"Of course!", she says.  
Papa doesn't speak to her.  
He has no need for her.  
It will come down to that.  
I don't want to be around,  
When Papa's house is destroyed.

Alex Greenberg  
Lafayette College

You can laugh never knowing what's really  
down there the floor snickers an ice  
berg of emptiness roaming beneath  
it and when you throw yourself  
through a dark opening you  
feel strangled a boa con  
strictor wrapped around  
your pretty white  
neck.

Greg Barnes  
Lafayette College

## WET STEPS IN THE SAND

Yes, long stands  
the waited hour,  
and infinite  
the pregnant,  
last minute.  
Yet, how too  
many grains  
of sand  
have  
left  
I  
to  
sift  
quietly  
eternally  
away?,  
when, see I,  
of my daying  
time; a shallow  
step on the beach  
to be washed away  
by  
the sea's next reach.

Martin J. Desht  
Allentown College

## BENEATH A PAPER PARASOL

Smooth black slate  
slight polished white clamshell  
Capricious rains on mountains blue  
drown in the song of a thousand sunsets  
and whisper of a world  
dressed in kimono red  
and silken dogwood paint.

Lisa Anne Snyder  
Cedar Crest College



Look at my poor old grandfather.  
Everyone at the picnic hovers around him, laughing  
As my grandmother manipulates him:  
“The poor dear, I had to set the machine for  
Good old wash ‘n’ wear, and use industrial  
Detergent, to clean his head out.”  
He hasn’t had much to do since he retired.  
Grandma picks him up and slides him onto the spit,  
Making a shishkebab out of Grandfather.  
They danced in the air as fire oozed his juices out-  
He crystallized to a cinder.  
They held him up in triumph and called to me.  
I had to look at him, hovering in front of my mouth.  
My grandfather looks at me dryly,  
A crucifix rasping in his fingerbones.  
Grandmother shoved him through the crevice between my teeth.

John McHaffie  
Lafayette College

J. H. THREE WHISTLES BEDLAM DOWN  
(A Political Lay) \*

You blew it Jack  
you and your pickled fortune that lets you go train-slamming  
across the state and back  
while in October night  
beside this black-brick depot with the single track running  
by the dead-fish canal  
because Allentown's mayor grabbed your three-hour buttonhole  
and said  
let Bethlem wait say Conrail screwed it they always do  
we freeze our tails.  
We jig hands in pockets squint in the cold look to the sky  
through our breaths;  
campaign fireworks bloom every five minutes; Globe-Times  
promised better but  
some sonofabitch stole a crate of stars and rockets, Fourth  
of Julie 9 months off;  
an obtuse Guy Fawkes more misguided than the first.  
But you glide in at last looking like someone's high school  
geometry teacher  
on the back of your political caboose  
and the sparse hundred faithful clap  
and you make verbal gestures  
and I head home to Scotch  
and a fireman flares the remaining bombs at a shot  
and the sky sucks them up  
and they crack and boom to wake dead Moravians  
and gunpowder clouds float south past the bridge  
like this steel-mill town hasn't enough damn smoke.

\*On the occasion of John Heinz's campaign visit to Bethlehem  
and of his losing one vote.

Gary Hawk  
Lehigh University



Miss Georgia Raynor  
Asst. Librarian Tech.  
Linderman Library

